"KILLEDI"

" What matters where! and that is enough! . It - written there ... stare and stare! the teiling be rough? and that is enough!

a face to the foe. or to save!" or else should he die? land for laye loved him so If he had not been bravest of braves was at the word of good-bye! V where Did love from afar! Comment start

abel a pair eyes last night, - eves in your light The Land I knew he would die. s stant was his last good-bye! tiet you gone from my

Challe ton stand and stare? dr so said it is written there! tofit - late so late to night! there there' forgive me, but go! or the our to be kirul, I know. the active me to God and to him!

Kidel with his face to the foe!"

gare me awhile' The lightthe held is getting-dim!-Leave the -to Gost-and -to him! George Weatherly. SMOKING HIS FIRST CIGAR.

out on the Shady Side of the Barn-(aught by a Brother.

The best smoke don't last as long as a as of sea-sickness, but while it does hel it is original and unique. The new amount is no image of cigars. He incarully takes a strong one. He goes a and heal by the box in which he finds the crars. If a cigar has a fancy paper rule al- of it he will take it any price. If he has he will know better. Out on the shady sale of the barn he takes himself and his eigar. He is afraid that ome one will molest him. He lights the crear, and holding it in the most awkward namer between his fingers puffs and expectorates. It seems manly to smoke, and he pictures himself narrating to his chains how well he handled himself and his first eigar.

The sensation is not at all pleasant. He allows longer time to elapse between the pulls, and wishes that the cigar would burn up more rapidly. The mouth Las a peenliar taste, which frequent extertorations will not remove. The old tandar fence is turning green. He sees starthang circle around him. He is betor other a while. Flat on his back on the green sward, he looks up at the blue heavens overhead and watches the fleecy white clouds float in many directions. bonner has no attractions for him, Candy would not tempt him to get up. Helears his name called by an elder brother. It sounds way off, as if in a beam. Nearer and nearer it comes, and mally the owner of the voice comes around the corner of the barn.

He guessed the cause for he sees the half-smoked cigar. If he is a real good box with a box full of Sunday-school tickets he will tell his mother, and the young smoker will be taken in the house and lectured for the rest of his boyhood days. If he is a real bad boy, one whose bulness insures his living to manhood's estate, he will get his sick brother up on the has in the old barn, and will tell a that the table to excuse his absence. His kindness will cost the inexperienced smoker later on many marbles, much andy, and the best of everything. He walthreaten to inform their parents many times of the first smoke, and will scare the smoker into many scrapes and much trouble,-St. Paul Globe.

Corea the Land of Hats. tioned is the land of hats: There are indoor hats and outdoor hats, rain hats, military hats, wedding hats and a vanety of ceremonial hats-few of which are worn for other than ornamental purtoss. The ordinary outdoor hat has a emual crown and a brim a foot and a half broad. It is made of a kind of stiff greature of silk or horse-hair, dexterand worked in with finely-split bam-Another extraordinary form of head-gear is the mourning hat, an immense structure of plaited straw, resembling an inverted bowl some two or three feet in diameter, and effectually concealing the wearer's features from

riew. - Percival Lowell.

Opening Up South America's Interior. Explorers are now busily employed in gening up the undeveloped and hitherto almost unknown sections of South America. A French explorer is enthusiastic about immense fertile plains beyoul the dense coast forests of Guiana. An expedition has traversed the valley of the Xingu, a southern affluent of the Amazon as large as the Danube, and runthrough the unexplored heart of Bridgh Voyagers on the Orinoco are seeing to discover the connection betwen that river and the Amazon. Patagreat is found to embrace rich grass valeys well adapted to stock raising, and the morthern portion of the Argentine Republic is being explored. Schemes are on feet for bringing the interior of the continent in contact with civilization by means of railways and steamboat lines. In every direction efforts are being made loopen up new fields for enterprise,-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

nlar om-sus-No d to

A highly interesting piece of work is at present being executed at the Berlin total academy, under the direction of incheal and artistic experts, the wax hard of a carefully prepared human led of life size. From it a cast in zinc is to be made, showing with rigid exacthes the muscles arteries and veins. An idea of the nicety of the work may be befored from the fact; that thus far hibert months have been spent upon the heart above, which is not expected to be Mashed under three years more. The importance of the work for anatomical studes, when completed, will amply compensate for the trouble, time and The new spent upon it, which, when finwill be exhibited and bought by Da government. - Boston Budget.

A Canoe for Italy's Queens The queen of Italy is soon to rejoice in. the pression of an American canoe, a gramme Instian birch bark construction, Which Baron Fava, the Italian minister, lisa secured for her. The cance is wenty feet long, and the baron has pro-Coredall the paddles and accompani-Hents for it, and is now having beadwork cushions and mats of fragrant Klars made for it. He will send it on to tome, and in due time it will float in who lake of the palace gardens and ferry Queen Margherita over the waters.

"Rubamals's" Washington Letter. The Irrigation Canals of Arisona. The farmers of Arizona, in digging mere imitators, on a small scale, of the unknown people who once occupied the

A Story About Santa Ana.

Apropos of noted men, the bishop of the diocese, who was a member of Santa Ana's cabinet, has an anecdete to tell which is characteristic of the latter worthy. The bishop is one of the most distinguished gentlemen in Mexico, and a man of great learning, whose life has been a model of holiness. While a cabnet minister he went by appointment one afternoon to see President Santa Ana on some important business concerning atfairs of state. Hardly had this conference begun when Santa Ana abruptly arose and left the room. The minister

waited, but the president did not return. Time passed on, and still the minister momentarily anticipated the return of his chief, until at length he inquired of an aid-de-camp in waiting if he could inform him how soon his excellency might be expected. "Really, I cannot tell you," replied the officer, "for his excellency has gone to visit 'Colea de Plata' (Silver Tail.)" "And pray, who is Colea de Plata?" said the Bishop. "A favorite cock of his excellency's wounded in a fight which he won this morning, and to whose care the president is now personally attending," was the answer. He did not return that afternoon; and it is needless to add that the minister soon afterward sent in his resignation.-Fannie B. Ward's Morelia Letter.

An Introduction to Plus IX.

A chamberlain opens the door for you. loudly calling your name and titles, a cameriere follows behind you with a large tray, on which are laid the objects, ivory, gold, silk, silver, anything that you have brought with a view of the pope blessing it, that you may bring it to your Catholic friends, who look at it from that moment as a relic. You hold in your hand whatever offering you have yourself to lay at the feet of the holy father. Mind you, you are on the threshold; now comes the ceremonial. On the doorstep you have to kneel down, you then get up and make three steps and kneel down again, another three steps and you kneel at the feet of the padre santo and get hold of the hem of his robe, which either he lets you kiss in all humanity or he takes you by the hand, lifts you up, and after blessing you, stretches out his hand toward the tray which the cameriere holds and pronounces the blessing: "In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen." Whereupon the cameriere with the tray disappears, the door shuts, and you are

Buildings Burned Last Year.

It is estimated by insurance companies that in the United States last year dwelling-houses were burned at the rate of one every hour, with an average loss of \$1,396. Barns and stables, fifty per week. Country stores, three per day, with a loss of \$110,000 per week. Ten hotels burn weekly, with a loss per year of \$4,000,000. Every other day a lumber yard goes up in smoke, each representing \$20,000. Forty-four cotton factories, the loss in each case being \$28,000; fortythree woolen-mills at \$25,000 each, and forty-two chemical works at \$27,000 each, were destroyed by fire last year. Forty-two boot and shoe factories were consumed, the loss being \$17,000 each. Theatres were lapped up by the flames at the rate of five per month, average loss \$19,000. Only about half as many court houses were destroyed, the cost of each being about \$20,000.—Chicago Times.

The Length of a Japanese Play. The play begins at 6 a. m. and continues until 8 p. m. The audience comes to spend the day and brings its food with it. most of the boxes seemed to be occupied by families, who were all there, from grandfather down to baby, sitting in a semi-circle around a brazier of live coals, eating thir fish, rice, and pickles, and drinking tea and saki in as quiet and contented a manner as so many German families in a garden concert, enjoying beer and music at the same time.

The audience was very quiet and orderly, and might have seemed a little cold to an American actor, for it seldom applauded. But it was not lacking in sympathy and interest, for when we entered we found nearly all the ladies in tears, and during the progress of the play there was often a hearty laugh. Cor. Inter Ocean.

MAKING UP THE FACE.

What an English Magazine Says of the Art-Striking Effects-Woolen Noses. Making up the face, as it is called, is an art in itself; by it the old can be made to look young, or at least younger, and the young old. By these arts the famous Dejazet, when 80 years old, could play successfully a young page. Formerly a burnt cork, a piece of chalk and a pot of rouge was all that was necessary; now your well graced actor has his "makeup" box, or dressing case, containing stores of violet powder, fuller's earth, chrome yellow, blue, crayons, umber, cosmetic, black enamel, "joining paste,"

with other unpleasant things. All have their purpose. Are you the hunted villain skulking from justice in the woods? you must rub your cheeks and chin thoroughly with thick blue powder, to leave the idea that you have not been able to shave for a week. Or should you be an aged orone or hag, a few blue streaks on the arms or hands suggest the well marked veins of old age. To be particularly youthful or lover-like you must whiten your face thoroughly, rouge well up to the eye-lids, and then draw a little brown streak under the eyes, which lends brilliancy. An old man has a very a disagreeable task before him. He must rub his cheeks and chin well with fuller's earth; then with a camel's hair brush proceed to make three dark streaks between the eyes, with long lines from the nostrils to the corners of the mouth, then get on what is oddly called his "white bald wig," the bald portion of which is fixed to the

forehead by joining paste."

A striking additional effect is produced by giving the effect of teeth being wanting, which at first sight seems an almost impossible thing to do. But in your "make-up" you find your black enamel, with which you paint over a couple of teeth; in a few minutes it sets and hardens, and a most satisfactory and disagreeable evidence of old age is the result, A mode of attaching whiskers was the old-fashioned one of hooking them on to the ears. But there is an article called "crape hair," which is gummed on to cheeks, and when dry can be trimined and combed like real whiskers. As regards the nose, there is an elegant way of treatment, namely, by fitting on a well-modeled papier mache one; but there is the more rough-and-ready mode

of dealing with it. We read in one of the text books on the subject the following grave directions: "In some low comedy characters, such as Bardolph, etc., it is necessary to alter the shape of the nose in order to

give it that bloated, blotchy appearance so noticeable in drunkards. You must first gum on to the end of the nose a piece of wool, press it down to the shape and size required, then powder it well with rogue to match the rest of the nose and cheeks. The cheeks may also be enlarged in the same way. The other, and perhaps the better, way is to take a little powder; mix it with water, and work it up into dough; fix it to the nose with spirit gum, mold it to the shape and size required, and then powder it with rouge to match the cheeks, etc. Blotches. warts, and pimples may be made by sticking on small pieces of wool and coloring them either brown of red." We may thus fancy our unhappy actor complete, his woolen nose stuck on with gum, his eyebrows and whiskers well glued to him, his black enameled teeth, his cheeks plastered with rouge, white, and umber, his "bald wig" fastened to his forehead with "joining paste," and we may wonder, indeed, how he can find spirit or even ease to utter his words!-Cornhi!l Magazine.

DEVOTEES IN A HOLY CITY.

Strange Sights on the Banks of the River

Ganges at Benares. The most remarkable part of the spectacle presented by the river face of Benares is its population, resident and immigrant. Throughout the length of this northern shore, where the flights of steps and the slopes of the temples come down to the Ganges, is seen all the day long an immense crowd of devotees, of all ages, ranks and raiments, and of both sexes. bathing in the sacred river or praying by its edge, or washing their robes of pilgrimage, or bringing their dead to be burned. Imagine what an artistic effect results from such a fringe of life and color between the steep multi-colored? background of the steps and temples and the shining waters of the stream.

Throngs of brown-skinned men and women, of boys and girls, stand waistdeep along the bathing stations, whispering their supplications and pouring the holy liquid over neck and breast and loosened black hair. Groups of brightclad women, led by their Brahman gurus, come joyously down the stairs from far-off towns and jungles to lay their scarlet, saffron green, and rose-color saris aside with the ghat-keepers, and wash their innocent sins away in Gunga. Big umbrellas are everywhere erected in the sand or mud, inscribed with "Ram, Ram," and under them, shaded from the sun, family parties sit and chatter, or pray in silent accord, arrived, after immense marches, to be laved in and saved

Sick people lie, wistful and wan, on charpoys, brought to her beneficent side, that they may hear the ripple of the "Great Mother," and feel the healing wind blow from her waves; while, at the foot of the burning 'Ghats, where the people who sell the "death-wood" are raking for white bones in the heaps of hot ashes, and piling up fuel and cowdung for their next batch of funeral pyres, lie three still figures covered with white and red cloths, from which protrude only the fixed, cold feet, washed by the outer edge of the tide. These are dead of to-day, happy-thrice happy-to have passed to the gate of Swarga close to Gunga's good waves. Their friends sit near, well satisfied even amid their natural regrets; and, very soon, three blue curls of smoke wafted among the temple-roofs from three crackling fires upon the platform of the Ghat will tell where those votaries have finished their pilgrimage for once and all.

Wonderful is the fervor of belief among these gentle, metaphysical Hindoo people. An orthodox British churchwoman will feel that she has done her duty if, when she visits a famous city, she goes twice to its ancient cathedral on Sunday. What would she think of these Indian wives and mothers bathing with such rejoicing confidence of salvation in a crowd under the Dasaswa medha Ghat? Some of them are "purdah women," who would never lay aside their veils and step outside the curtain except under protection of the sacred simplicity of pilgrimage. Some are old and feeble, weary with long journeys of life, emaciated by maladies, saddened from losses and trouble; and the morning air blows sharp, the river wave runs chilly. Yet there they stand, breastdeep in the cold river, with dripping cotton garments clinging to their thin or aged limbs, visibly shuddering under the shock of the water, and their lips blue and quivering, while they eagerly mutter their indications. None of them hesitates: into Gunga they plunge on arrival, ill or well, robust or sickly, and ladle the holy liquid up with small, dark, trembling hands, repeating the sacred names, and softly mentioning the sins they would expiate and the beloved souls they plead for! I hope it is perhaps true, as I watch these devout and shivering women, that "all the prayers which are uttered come somehow to the ears of Keshar."-G. A. Sala in London Telegraph.

The Guanches of Teneriffe Island. When the Spaniard discovered Teneriffe in 1464 its people were cave-dwellers. They were known by the name of Guanches and were a simple, trusting folk, of whom the enterprising Spaniards made short work, much as he did some years later of the Mexicans and the Peruvians in the western world. The Guanches practiced the art of embalming their dead, wrapping them in tanned goat skins and laying them away in the quiet caves. Many of them have since been brought to light and some preserved. A few are now to be seen in a private museum on the island, the property of a gentleman who takes interest in such things. But generally when they have been found by the peasants they have been wantonly destroyed as objects of superstitious fear. And indeed I hardly gruesome thing. Not all the Guanches, however, were

mummified. A remnant were absorbed by the Spaniards and intermarriages took place, and in some parts of the island their lineaments are still to be traced. Many of the poor people on the island still live in caves. I saw a number of such cave-houses; they were walled up in front to keep out the weather .- Foreign Cor. Detroit Free Press.

A "Certain Cure for Drunkenness." Valued at \$5, and certainly worth it if efficient, is the "Certain Cure for Drunkenness;" Sulphate of iron, five grains; magnesia, ten grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirits of nutmeg, one drachm; twice a day. This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks.-Chicago Herald.

HABITS OF VENOMOUS SCORPIONS.

A Very Dangerous Inhabitant of the BY ALAN MUIR. Bahamas-A Scorpion Trup.

I must confess to having had a very vague idea about the scorpion before becoming acquainted with the tropics. I think if I had been driven to it I should have described him as a creature with wings, black, and somewhere about the size of a humming-bird. This would have been about as inaccurate a description as can be imagined. He has no wings, he is not black, and he is nowhere near the size of even a half-grown humming-bird. There is an imaginary picture of him in all almanacs, but it doesn't look very much like him-that sign of the zodiac. A full-grown scorpion is from two to

two-and-a-half inches long and his color is a sort of ashy gray. He has eight legs, upon all of which minute hair grows, and his tail is much longer than there is any necessity for, considering the size of his body, and I have included that in measuring his length. It is at the end of his tail that he carries his venomous sting, and when he curls up his body into a semi-circle, and brings that lively end of his tail to bear upon an enemy. the enemy can not drop him too soon. His body is nowhere as thick as a leadpencil, but at the head it branches out into claws, or horns, or additional legs, whichever you like to call them; so that in shape he is somewhat like a tack-hammer. He is shaped very much like a hammer-headed shark, only hammerheaded sharks are not familiar enough in northern waters to serve for an illustration. He is a creature of mold and slime, like the snail. Let an old box lie on the ground, particularly in a moist place, till the bottom boards begin to decay, and your scorpion trap is

When you want your game lift up the box and there is your scorpion. But be careful to take hold of the box near the top, and not get your fingers in his way. For the scorpion is very rapid in his movements, and he will give you a sting before you know it. When he strikes you with the end of his tail, like a wasp, he exudes a venomous liquid, and a man might better hold a red-hot iron in his hand than get the tenth part of a drop of this liquid into his blood. It is not necessarily fatal, particularly in the Bahamas, but it condenses the heat of forty

In some parts of South America scorpion bites are frequently fatal, but I have not heard of anyone being killed by them in Nassau. This is easily accounted for. The scorpion likes to feed upon decaying wood. In South America, where dye woods and other poisonous woods abound, the scorpions feed upon them. and thus work into themselves a good supply of outside poison, which, taken together with his naturally poisonous liquid, does its work for whoever is unfortunate enough to be stung. But in Nassau such poisonous woods are few, and the scorpions have to fatten themselves respectably on pine, cedar and ma-

They never attack anybody unless disturbed. But if a barefoot boy steps on one, or if you pick up a stone or a board with one lying under it, he will sting you if he can, and he will do it on very short notice, too. I have seen a decaying board picked up that had three or four scorpions laying under it. Nobody ever thinks of letting one escape in this part of the world if he can holp it. The same feeling that sailors have about sharks, people in tropical countries have about all these venomous insects. Just as we always try to kill a snake in the north, a southerner always trys to kill a tarantula, a scorpion or a centipede. - Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Waning Fate of an Athlete. An athlete famous for his feats of strength, but never in good health, consulted a physician of more than the average good sense, as physicians go. He was told that the encroachment of his muscular development upon his vital forces-his nerve power-was killing him. He was ordered to enter upon a course of reading, not novels, but history and biography and other strong food for the brain, to foreswear the gymnasium and his customary feats of strength and to take daily lessons in the

The first lesson was in the presence of a couple of gentlemen and one lady pupil. The athlete bared his magnificent arm and looked scornfuly at the slender weapon weighing a few ounces as he took it in his hand. Facing his instructor and with arm extended he went through the simplest motions in the school. In two minutes his arm fell to his side, and, anathematizing his "rheumatism," he gave way to the lady pupil, who smiled as she took the foil in her slender hand. She faced the instructor for ten minutes and never lowered her hand. The athlete left the academy in disgust and never entered it again. A year later he died of heart disease.-Chicago Herald.

Advice to the Art Amsteur. If you go following Tom or Nelly's ideas of painting, or take in ideas of color from your maiden aunt, or copy sporting subjects from your batchelor uncle, either from love of their personality or respect for their intelligence, you are wasting time entirely and preparing for yourself difficulties in the future similar to those you might feel in making a freehand drawing after you have been accustomed to use tracing paper. For the first beginning of art, whether for amateur or professional, is freedom. You must run alone, even if you stagger fall in the attempt, from your first moment. But having got rid of their advice, let us go a step further and get rid of their approbation. Perhaps this is even more fatal than their blame. For in the first place they wonder: for a mummy is certainly a seldom care, save for you personally, and in the second place they seldom know; and in the third place, if they both know and care, they will probably be silent.—Contemporary Review.

Fish and Game in Florida. Cat-fish in Florida are not regarded as wholesome food. They are water scavengers on all Florida towns. They can be found at the mouth of sewers and worse places at any time of day or night, and their favorite food is the most putrid carrion. Boys do not fish to catch them, and delight to throw at them clubs and brick-bats. The red snapper is easily caught in all salt waters, and black bass (called trout in Florida) are as thick in the thousand and one lakes in the state. Wild turkeys, quail, deer and black bear are the game most sought after by native Nimrods.—Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

We are apt to lumber up our minds with a lot of useless trash, and which it isn't profitable to recall: in this sense forgetfulness is essential to memery .-Philadelphia Call,

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It will be commenced in THE CIT-IZEN next week, April 24th, and will be continued each week until completed, about July 1st.

Glucose Made from Sorghum.

Story of the Year.

And now it has been discovered that the seed of the sorghum-plant will yield an excellent grade of glucose, better than that made from corn, and that the glucose from the seed and the molasses from the cane, when mixed, produce the highest quality of sirup, hardly distinguishable from Vermont sirup.—Chicago BRIEF CHAPTER ON ACCIDENTS.

Be Very Careful When Handling an Injured Person-Cases of Fracture. At Inverness last summer, I saw from distance a little boy fall from the high wall near the bridge-I being at the other side of the river-a height of probably fifty feet. A sturdy Highlander marched round and shouldered him. From the shricks of the lad thus roughly mounted, I felt sure a bone was broken, and found out afterwards I was right.

The accident puts me in mind to say here that we cannot be too careful in the manner we lift or carry a person who has received an injury of this kind. Oh! fancy, if you can, the agony produced from, say, a fractured thigh rudely handled, the jagged end of the bone perhaps thrust through the quivering flesh. Keep a wounded or injured person on

the level if possible; be very, very gentle. The handiest of all stretchers is a large shutter or door, with a mattress or pillows on it. Or a plaid or blanket used as a hammock will do, or a net-hammock itself if one be handy. While one party is carrying home, or to a chemist's shop, the injured person,

assistance. The sooner surgical aid is got, the more chance of a speedy recovery will the patient have. Be careful not to give brandy in injuries to the head. You might commit

some one must be sent to procure surgical

a fatal error !

Just a word about street accidents. Somehow or other, in such cases, one of the crowd usually turns out to be a surgeon; but if not, let one be speedily fetched. Meanwhile, ask the crowd, with all the respect due to crowds in the latter end of the nineteenth century, to stand back and give the patient air. On a summer's day he may do better, for a time, out of doors than in a shop. I got a man on to a hand-cart once, and there he remained till the first shock of the accident was dispelled. But I kept the crowd at bay, and as quiet as possible. Nothing is more likely to make bad worse than a velling crowd, crying, "Do this," or "Do that," round and injured man.

"I can carry him to the orspital easily," said a burly shore-porter in Aberdare one day, "or any two on 'em."

"But," I answered, "it isn't a case of carrying simply, but conveying gently. Go and get a stretcher and another man to help you."

There are three kinds of fractures: The simple fracture, where there is simply a snapping of the bone in two without any wounding of the flesh or tissues that lie adjacent; the compound or open fracture, where there is a wound of the flesh caused by a broken end of the bone being thrust out through flesh and skin; the comminuted or shattered fracture, where the bone or bones have been broken into several pieces.

In all cases of fracture, surgical aid must be resorted to; the only thing justifiable by a layman, is to give the patient as much ease as possible before or after he has been placed on the stretcher. If a simple fracture, the limb may be gently extended. If a compound, the clothing over it should be ripped up the seam, and some attempt made to staunch the flow of blood by cold and pressure. If the fracture be not an open one, but seems comminuted, here again gentle extension may be had recourse to, and the clothing over it removed or ripped up, especially if at all tight.

When an injury to the chest occurs, with a suspicion of fracture of the ribsor even collar-bone you can not be too careful how you lift and bear the sufferer away. Rough handling in such cases may result in the wounding of the lungs by the broken end of a rib. and this will lead on to inflammation, ending mayhap in death even.

Well, about the bed. Common sense should tell any one that a feather-bed. for instance, would be out of place. Yes, because it soon sends the fractured limb out of place again, however well set. A horse-hair mattress over an ordinary one-providing the one beneath be level-is the best, though the manufacture of mattresses has of recent years made great strides for the better, and there may be others that will do as well as horse-hair.

What you have to bear in mind, however, is that the mattress must be tolerably hard and firm, and level above all things. Probably a cradle will be necessary to support the recumbent weight of the bed-clothes. Bed-clothes should be warm and light, even in winter, but in summer never so warm as to cause perspiration.—Family Physician in Cassell's

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